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THE GREEK BUCOLIC POETS

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WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

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Theocritus.

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PREFACE

THE translator wishes to record his indebtedness to many predecessors, from the author of the *Sixe Idillia* to the late Andrew Lang. His thanks are also due, among other friends, to Mr. A. S. F. Gow for allowing him access to the unpublished results of his investigations into the "Bucolic Masquerade" and the Pattern-Poems.

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Λύρα δή σοι καὶ κιθάρα λείπεται ὡς κατὰ πόλιν χρήσιμα· καὶ αὖ κατ' ἀγροὺς τοῖς νομεῦσι σῦριγξ ἄν τις εἴη.

PLATO, *Republic* 399 d.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΙΚΑ

Βουκολικαὶ Μοῖσαι σποράδες ποκά, νῦν δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι
ἐντὶ μιᾶς μάνδρας, ἐντὶ μιᾶς ἀγέλας.

Ἄλλος ὁ Χῖος· ἐγὼ δὲ Θεόκριτος, ὃς τάδ' ἔγραψα
εἷς ἀπὸ τῶν πολλῶν εἰμὶ Συρακοσίων,
υἱὸς Πραξαγόραο περικλειτῆς τε Φιλίνης·
Μοῦσαν δ' ὀθνείην οὔτιν' ἐφελκυσάμην.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

INTRODUCTORY POEMS

THE Muses of the country, scattered abroad ere this, are now of one fold and of one flock.

THE Chian is another man; the Theocritus who wrote this book is one of the many that are of Syracuse, the son of Praxagoras and the famed Philina, and his Muse is the Muse of his native land.

The first of the above poems would appear to have been written for the title-page of the first collected edition of the Bucolic poets, published by the grammarian Artemidorus early in the first century before Christ; the second is thought to have stood upon the title-page of a separate edition of Theocritus, published by Artemidorus' son Theon. "The Chian" is believed by some to be Homer, but is more probably the orator and epigrammatist Theocritus of Chios.

I

THE POEMS OF THEOCRITUS

I.—THYRSIS

A SHEPHERD *and a goatherd meet in the pastures one noontide, and compliment each other upon their piping. The shepherd, Thyrsis by name, is persuaded by the other—for a cup which he describes but does not at first show—to sing him* The Affliction of Daphnis, *a ballad which tells how the ideal shepherd, friend not only of Nymph and Muse, but of all the wild creatures, having vowed to his first love that she should be his last, pined and died for the love of another. The ballad is divided into three parts marked by changes in the refrain. The first part, after a complaint to the Nymphs of their neglect, tells how the herds and the herdsmen gathered about the dying man, and Hermes his father, and Priapus the country-god of fertility whom he had flouted, came and spoke and got no answer. In the second part, the slighted Love-Goddess comes, and gently upbraids him, whereat he breaks silence with a threat of vengeance after death. The lines of his speech which follow tell in veiled ironic terms what the vengeance of this friend of wild things will be; for Anchises was*

afterwards blinded by bees, Adonis slain by a boar, and Cypris herself wounded by Diomed. The speech is continued with a farewell to the wild creatures, and to the wells and rivers of Syracuse. In the third part he bequeaths his pipe to Pan, ends his dying speech with an address to all Nature, and is overwhelmed at last in the river of Death. The scene of the mime is Cos, but Thyrsis comes from Sicily, and Sicily is the scene of his song.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ

I.—ΘΥΡΣΙΣ

ΘΥΡΣΙΣ

Ἁδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἁ πίτυς αἰπόλε τήνα
ἃ ποτὶ ταῖς παγαῖσι μελίσδεται, ἁδὺ δὲ καὶ τύ
συρίσδες· μετὰ Πᾶνα τὸ δεύτερον ἆθλον ἀποισῇ.
αἴκα τῆνος ἕλῃ κεραὸν τράγον, αἶγα τὺ λαψῇ·
αἴκα δ' αἶγα λάβῃ τῆνος γέρας, ἐς τὲ καταρρεῖ
ἁ χίμαρος· χιμάρῳ δὲ καλὸν κρέας, ἔστε κ' ἀμέλξῃς.

ΑΙΠΟΛΟΣ

ἄδιον ὦ ποιμὴν τὸ τεὸν μέλος ἢ τὸ καταχὲς
τῆν' ἀπὸ τᾶς πέτρας καταλείβεται ὑψόθεν ὕδωρ.
αἴκα ταὶ Μοῖσαι τὰν οἰίδα δῶρον ἄγωνται,
ἄρνα τὺ σακίταν λαψῇ γέρας· αἰ δέ κ' ἀρέσκῃ
τήνας ἄρνα λαβεῖν, τὺ δὲ τὰν ὄϊν ὕστερον ἀξῇ.

ΘΥΡΣΙΣ

λῇς ποτὶ τᾶν Νυμφᾶν, λῇς αἰπόλε τεῖδε καθίξας,
ὡς τὸ κάταντες τοῦτο γεώλοφον αἵ τε μυρῖκαι,
συρίσδεν; τὰς δ' αἶγας ἐγὼν ἐν τῷδε νομευσῶ.

THE POEMS OF THEOCRITUS

I.—THYRSIS

THYRSIS

SOMETHING sweet is the whisper of the pine that makes her music by yonder springs, and sweet no less, master Goatherd, the melody of your pipe. Pan only shall take place and prize afore you; and if they give him a horny he-goat, then a she shall be yours; and if a she be for him, why, you shall have her kid; and kid's meat's good eating till your kids be milch-goats.

GOATHERD

As sweetly, good Shepherd, falls your music as the resounding water that gushes down from the top o' yonder rock. If the Muses get the ewe-lamb to their meed, you shall carry off the cosset; and if so be they choose the cosset, the ewe-lamb shall come to you.

THYRSIS

'Fore the Nymphs I pray you, master Goatherd, come now and sit ye down here by this shelving bank and these brush tamarisks and play me a tune. I'll keep your goats the while.

"cosset": a pet lamb.

κὴξ ὀρέων τοὶ σκῶπες ἀηδόσι δηρίσαιντο'.[1]

λήγετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι ἴτε λήγετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
χὠ μὲν τόσσ' εἰπὼν ἀπεπαύσατο· τὸν δ' Ἀφροδίτα
ἤθελ' ἀνορθῶσαι· τά γε μὰν λίνα πάντα λελοίπει
ἐκ Μοιρᾶν, χὠ Δάφνις ἔβα ῥόον. ἔκλυσε δίνα
τὸν Μοίσαις φίλον ἄνδρα, τὸν οὐ Νύμφαισιν ἀπεχθῆ.

λήγετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι ἴτε λήγετ' ἀοιδᾶς.

καὶ τὺ δίδου τὰν αἶγα τό τε σκύφος, ὥς κεν[2] ἀμέλξας
σπείσω ταῖς Μοίσαις. ὦ χαίρετε πολλάκι Μοῖσαι,
χαίρετ'· ἐγὼ δ' ὔμμιν καὶ ἐς ὕστερον ἄδιον ᾀσῶ.

ΑΙΠΟΛΟΣ

πλῆρές τοι μέλιτος τὸ καλὸν στόμα Θύρσι γένοιτο,
πλῆρες δὲ σχαδόνων, καὶ ἀπ' Αἰγίλω ἰσχάδα τρώγοις
ἁδεῖαν, τέττιγος ἐπεὶ τύγα φέρτερον ᾄδεις.
ἠνίδε τοι τὸ δέπας· θᾶσαι φίλος, ὡς καλὸν ὄσδει·
Ὡρᾶν πεπλύσθαι νιν ἐπὶ κράναισι δοκησεῖς.
ὧδ' ἴθι Κισσαίθα, τὺ δ' ἄμελγέ νιν. αἱ δὲ χίμαιραι,
οὐ μὴ σκιρτασεῖτε[3], μὴ ὁ τράγος ὔμμιν ἀναστῇ.

[1] δηρίσαιντο Scaliger from Verg. *Ecl.* 8. 55 : mss. γαρύσαιντο
[2] κεν : mss also νιν [3] mss σκιρτασῆτε

καί μ' ἁ Θευμαρίδα Θρᾷσσα τροφός, ἁ μακαρῖτις, 70
ἀγχίθυρος[1] ναίοισα, κατεύξατο καὶ λιτάνευσε
τὰν πομπὰν θάσασθαι· ἐγὼ δέ οἱ ἁ μεγάλοιτος
ὡμάρτευν βύσσοιο καλὸν σύροισα χιτῶνα
κἀμφιστειλαμένα τὰν ξυστίδα τὰν Κλεαρίστας.
φράζεό μευ τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.
ἤδη δ' εὖσα μέσαν κατ' ἀμαξιτόν, ᾇ τὰ Λύκωνος,
εἶδον Δέλφιν ὁμοῦ τε καὶ Εὐδάμιππον ἰόντας,
τοῖς δ' ἧς ξανθοτέρα μὲν ἑλιχρύσοιο γενειάς,
στήθεα δὲ στίλβοντα πολὺ πλέον ἢ τὺ Σελάνα,
ὡς ἀπὸ γυμνασίοιο καλὸν πόνον ἄρτι λιπόντων. 80
φράζεό μευ τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.
χὠς ἴδον, ὡς ἐμάνην, ὥς μοι περὶ θυμὸς ἰάφθη
δειλαίας· τὸ δὲ κάλλος ἐτάκετο, κοὔδε τι πομπᾶς
τήνας ἐφρασάμαν· οὐδ' ὡς πάλιν οἴκαδ' ἀπῆνθον
ἔγνων· ἀλλά μέ τις καπυρὰ νόσος ἐξαλάπαξε·[2]
κείμαν δ' ἐν κλιντῆρι δέκ' ἄματα καὶ δέκα νύκτας.
φράζεό μευ τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.
καί μευ χρὼς μὲν ὁμοῖος ἐγίνετο πολλάκι θάψῳ,
ἔρρευν δ' ἐκ κεφαλᾶς πᾶσαι τρίχες, αὐτὰ δὲ λοιπά
ὄστι' ἔτ' ἧς καὶ δέρμα. καὶ ἐς τίνος οὐκ ἐπέρασα, 90
ἢ ποίας ἔλιπον γραίας δόμον, ἅτις ἐπᾷδεν;
ἀλλ' ἧς οὐδὲν ἐλαφρόν· ὁ δὲ χρόνος ἄνυτο φεύγων.
φράζεό μευ τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.
χοὕτω τᾷ δούλᾳ τὸν ἀλαθέα μῦθον ἔλεξα·
εἰ δ' ἄγε Θεστυλί μοι χαλεπᾶς νόσω εὑρέ τι μῆχος.
πᾶσαν ἔχει με τάλαιναν ὁ Μύνδιος· ἀλλὰ μολοῖσα

[1] ἀγχίθυρος E : mss ἀγχ [2] Schol. also ἐξεσάλαξε

καί κ' εἰ μέν μ' ἐδέχεσθε, τὰ δ' ἧς φίλα· καὶ γὰρ ἐλαφρὸς
καὶ καλὸς πάντεσσι μετ' ἠϊθέοισι κἀλεῦμαι,
εὔαδέ[1] τ' εἰ μῶνον τὸ καλὸν στόμα τεῦς ἐφίλησα·
εἰ δ' ἀλλᾷ μ' ὠθεῖτε καὶ ἁ θύρα εἴχετο μοχλῷ,
πάντως κα πελέκεις καὶ λαμπάδες ἦνθον ἐφ' ὑμέας.
φράζεό μευ τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.
νῦν δὲ χάριν μὲν ἔφαν τᾷ Κύπριδι πρᾶτον ὀφείλειν, 130
καὶ μετὰ τὰν Κύπριν τύ με δευτέρα ἐκ πυρὸς εἵλευ
ὦ γύναι ἐσκαλέσασα τεὸν ποτὶ τοῦτο μέλαθρον
αὔτως ἡμίφλεκτον· Ἔρως δ' ἄρα καὶ Λιπαραίω
πολλάκις Ἁφαίστοιο σέλας φλογερώτερον αἴθει—
φράζεό μευ τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα—
σὺν δὲ κακαῖς μανίαις καὶ παρθένον ἐκ θαλάμοιο
καὶ νύμφαν ἐσόβησ'[2] ἔτι δέμνια θερμὰ λιποῖσαν
ἀνέρος.' ὣς ὃ μὲν εἶπεν· ἐγὼ δέ οἱ ἁ ταχυπειθὴς
χειρὸς ἐφαψαμένα μαλακῶν ἔκλιν' ἐπὶ λέκτρων·
καὶ ταχὺ χρὼς ἐπὶ χρωτὶ πεπαίνετο, καὶ τὰ πρόσωπα 140
θερμότερ' ἧς ἢ πρόσθε, καὶ ἐψιθυρίσδομες ἁδύ.
ὡς καί[3] τοι μὴ μακρὰ φίλα θρυλέοιμι Σελάνα,
ἐπράχθη τὰ μέγιστα, καὶ ἐς πόθον ἤνθομες ἄμφω.
κοὔτε τι τῆνος ἐμὶν ἐπεμέμψατο μέσφα τό γ' ἐχθές,
οὔτ' ἐγὼ αὖ τήνῳ. ἀλλ' ἦνθέ μοι ἅ τε Φιλίστας
μάτηρ τᾶς ἁμᾶς αὐλητρίδος ἅ τε Μελιξοῦς
σάμερον, ἁνίκα πέρ τε ποτ' ὠρανὸν ἔτραχον ἵπποι
Ἀὼ τὰν ῥοδόπαχυν ὑπ' Ὠκεανοῖο φέροισαι,

[1] εὐαδέ L. Schmidt: mss εὖδον schol., cf. 13. 48: mss ἐφόβησ' and Laur. 32. 16: other mss κά

[2] ἐσόβησ' Jacobs from καί Wil from Vat. 915

III.—THE SERENADE

THE *poet appears to personate a young goatherd, who after five lines dedicatory to a friend whom he calls Tityrus, serenades his mistress Amaryllis. The poem is a monologue, but, like II, preserves the dialogue-form of the mime by means of a dumb character. The appeal to Amaryllis may be regarded as consisting of three parts each ending with the offer of a gift—apples, garland, goat—and a fourth part containing a love-song of four stanzas. The reciter would doubtless make a slight pause to mark the rejection of each gift and the failure of the song before the renewal of the cry of despair.*

BATTUS (*in mock-heroic strain*)

O what a little tiny wound to overmaster so mighty a man!

CORYDON (*pointing the moral*)

Thou should'st put on thy shoes when thou goest into the hills, Battus; 'tis rare ground for thorns and gorse, the hills.

BATTUS

Pray tell me, Corydon, comes gaffer yet the gallant with that dark-browed piece o' love he was smitten of?

CORYDON

Aye, that does he, ill's his luck. I happened of them but two days agone, and near by the byre, too, and faith, gallant was the word.

BATTUS (*apostrophising*)

Well done, goodman Light-o'-love. 'Tis plain thou comest not far below the old Satyrs and ill-shanked Pans o' the country-side for lineage.

"Old Satyrs": effigies of Pan and the Satyrs were a feature of the country-side.

COMATAS

'Fore the Nymphs, sweet Morson, pray you neither rule unto Comatas more than his due nor yet give your favour to Lacon. This flock o' sheep, look you, is Sibyrtas' of Thurii.

LACON

Zeus! and who asked thee, foul knave, whether the flock was mine or Sibyrtas'? Lord, what a babbler is here!

COMATAS

Most excellent blockhead, all I say, I, is true, though for my part, I'm no braggart; but Lord! what a railer is here!

LACON

Come, come; say thy say and be done, and let's suffer friend Morson to come off with his life. Apollo save us, Comatas! thou hast the gift o' the gab.

(*The Singing Match*)

COMATAS

The Muses bear me greater love than Daphnis ere did see;
And well they may, for t'other day they had two goats of me.

LACON

But Apollo loves me all as well, and an offering too have I,
A fine fat ram a-batt'ning; for Apollo's feast draws nigh.

"Foul knave": Comatas' apparently innocent remark implies the taunt of slavery; cf. ll. 5 and 8. "Daphnis": the Greek has "the poet Daphnis."

COMATAS

In yonder juniper-thicket a cushat sits on her nest;
I'll go this day and fetch her away for the maiden I love best.

LACON

So soon as e'er my sheep I shear, a rare fine gift I'll take;
I'll give yon black ewe's pretty coat my darling's cloak to make.

COMATAS

Hey, bleaters! away from the olive; where would be grazing then?
Your pasture's where the tamarisk grows and the slope hill drops to the glen.

LACON

Where are ye browsing, Crumple? and, Browning, where are ye?
Graze up the hill as Piebald will, and let the oak-leaves be.

COMATAS

I've laid up a piggin of cypress-wood and a bowl for mixing wine,
The work of great Praxiteles, both for that lass of mine.

LACON

And I, I have a flock-dog, a wolver of good fame,
Shall go a gift to my dearest and hunt him all manner of game.

"Great Praxiteles": not the sculptor.

LACON

When fair Eumédes took the pipe that was his lover's token
He kissed him sweet as sweet could be; his lover's love's unbroken.

COMATAS

'Tis nature's law that no jackdaw with nightingale shall bicker,
Nor owl with swan, but poor Lacón was born a quarrel-picker.

MORSON

I bid the shepherd cease. You, Comatas, may take the lamb; and when you offer her to the Nymphs be sure you presently send poor Morson a well-laden platter.

COMATAS

That will I, 'fore Pan. Come, snort ye, my merry buck-goats all. Look you how great a laugh I have of shepherd Lacon for that I have at last achieved the lamb. Troth, I'll caper you to the welkin. Good she-goats mine, frisk it and be merry; tomorrow I'll wash you one and all in Sybaris lake. What, Whitecoat, thou wanton! if thou leave not meddling with the she's, before ever I sacrifice the lamb to the Nymphs I'll break every bone in thy body. Lo there! he's at it again. If I break thee not, be my last end the end of Melanthius.

"owl": the Greek has "hoopoe." "Melanthius": the goatherd mutilated by Odysseus and Telemachus in the twenty-second book of the *Odyssey*.

VI.—A COUNTRY SINGING-MATCH

THEOCRITUS *dedicates the poem to the Aratus of whom he speaks in the* Harvest-Home. *The scene is a spring in the pastures, and the time a summer noon. The theme is a friendly contest between a certain Damoetas and 'the neatherd Daphnis.' This is probably the Daphnis of the* Thyrsis. *If so, the two singers are meant to be contemporary with the persons of whom they sing, as are the singers of IV, V, and X. Each sings one song. Daphnis, apostrophising Polyphemus, asks why he is blind to the love of the sea-nymph Galatea. Damoetas, personating him, declares that his apathy is all put on, to make her love secure.*

But cease to woo and she'll pursue, aye, then the king's the move;
For oft the foul, good Polypheme, is fair i' the eyes of love.

Then Damoetas in answer lifted up his voice, singing:

I saw, I saw her fling them, Lord Pan my witness be;
I was not blind, I vow, by this my one sweet—this
Wherewith Heav'n send I see to the end, and Télemus when he
Foretells me woe, then be it so, but woe for him and his!—;
'Tis tit for tat, to tease her on I look not on the jade
And say there's other wives to wed, and lo! she's jealous made,
Jealous for me, Lord save us! and 'gins to pine for me
And glowers from the deep on the cave and the sheep like a want-wit lass o' the sea.
And the dog that bayed, I hissed him on; for when 'twas I to woo
He'ld lay his snout to her lap, her lap, and whine her friendly to.
Maybe she'll send me messages if long I go this gate;
But I'll bar the door till she swear o' this shore to be my wedded mate.

"The king": moved as a last resource in some game like draughts or backgammon. "Telemus": prophesied the blinding of Polyphemus by Odysseus.

Ill-favoured? nay, for all they say; I have looked i'
the glassy sea,
And, for aught I could spy, both beard and eye
were pretty as well could be,
And the teeth all a-row like marble below,—and
that none should o'erlook me of it,
As Goody Cotyttaris taught me, thrice in my breast
I spit.

So far Damoetas, and kissed Daphnis, and that to this gave a pipe and this to that a pretty flute. Then lo! the piper was neatherd Daphnis and the flute-player Damoetas, and the dancers were the heifers who forthwith began to bound mid the tender grass. And as for the victory, that fell to neither one, being they both stood unvanquished in the match.

"And the teeth all a-row": the Greek has "of my teeth below, the sheen gaped whiter than marble." "O'erlook me": to see one's reflexion made one liable to the effects of the evil eye; spitting averted this.

Cheiron in Pholus' rocky cave set before Heracles such a bowlful as that? And the mighty Polypheme who kept sheep beside the Anapus and had at ships with mountains, was it for such nectar he footed it around his steading—such a draught as ye Nymphs gave us that day of your spring by the altar of Demeter o' the Threshing-floor? of her, to wit, upon whose cornheap I pray I may yet again plant the great purging-fan while she stands smiling by with wheatsheaves and poppies in either hand.

"Of your spring": the wine was drunk mixed with water.
"Demeter": a harvest-effigy.

At that the lad was transported, and capered and clapped hands for joy of his victory; so capers a fawn at the sight of his dam. At that, too, the other's fire was utterly extinct, and his heart turned upside-down for grief; so mourns a maiden that is wed against her will.

From that day forth Daphnis had the pre-eminence of the shepherds, insomuch that he was scarce come to man's estate ere he had to wife that Naïs of whom he sang.

"Naïs": apparently the nymph to whom Daphnis afterwards swore the oath which, when he fell in love with Xenea, he died rather than break.

XII.—THE BELOVED

THE *Greeks sometimes exalted friendship to a passion, and such a friendship doubtless inspired this fine poem. Theocritus acknowledges his indebtedness to the Ionian lyrists and elegists by using their dialect. The passage rendered here in verse contains what at first sight looks like a mere display of learning, but has simply this intention: 'Our love will be famous among so remote a posterity that the very words for it will be matter for learned comment.'*

XIII.—HYLAS

THEOCRITUS *tells his friend Nicias in epic shape the tale of the Apotheosis of Hylas, the beloved of Heracles. If, as is probable, the words 'as* we *seem to think' are a delicate way of saying 'as* you *seem to think,' the poem may well be an answer to a friendly rebuke of the author of XII, XXIX, and XXX.*

passed the night a-clearing of the channel, waiting upon Heracles. But he alas! was running whithersoever his feet might carry him, in a frenzy, the God did rend so cruelly the heart within him.

Thus came fairest Hylas to be numbered of the Blest, and the heroes to gird at Heracles for a deserter because he wandered and left the good ship of the thirty thwarts. Nevertheless he made the inhospitable land of the Colchians afoot.

"The channel": the hollow in the sand down which the ship would be launched.

XIV.—THE LOVE OF CYNISCA

THE LOVE OF CYNISCA *is a dialogue of common life. The scene is neither Egypt nor Sicily, perhaps Cos. The characters, middle-aged men, one of whom has been crossed in love, meet in the road, and in the ensuing conversation the lover tells the story of his quarrel with Cynisca, and ends with expressing his intention of going for a soldier abroad. His friend suggests that he should enlist in the army of Ptolemy, and gives that monarch a flattering testimonial, which betrays the hand of the rising poet who seeks for recognition at court.*

XVII —THE PANEGYRIC OF PTOLEMY

A PANEGYRIC *of Ptolemy II, Philadelphus, who reigned from* 285 *to* 247. *The references to historical personages and events, coupled with a comparison with XVI, point to* 273 *as the date of the poem. The Ptolemies, like Alexander, traced their descent from Heracles. Ptolemy I, son of Lagus, was deified about* 283, *and his queen Berenice between* 279 *and* 275.

ἀντία δ' Ἡρακλῆος ἕδρα κενταυροφόνοιο[1]
ἵδρυται στερεοῖο τετυγμένα ἐξ ἀδάμαντος,
ἔνθα σὺν ἄλλοισιν θαλίας ἔχει Οὐρανίδαισι,
χαίρων υἱωνῶν περιώσιον υἱωνοῖσιν,
ὅττι σφεων Κρονίδας μελέων ἐξείλετο γῆρας,
ἀθάνατοι δὲ καλεῦνται ἑοὶ[2] νέποδες γεγαῶτες.
ἄμφω γὰρ πρόγονός σφιν ὁ καρτερὸς Ἡρακλείδας,
ἀμφότεροι δ' ἀριθμεῦνται ἐς ἔσχατον Ἡρακλῆα.
τῷ καὶ ἐπεὶ δαίτηθεν ἴοι κεκορημένος ἤδη
νέκταρος εὐόδμοιο φίλας ἐς δῶμ' ἀλόχοιο,
τῷ μὲν τόξον ἔδωκεν ὑπωλένιόν τε φαρέτραν,
τῷ δὲ σιδάρειον σκύταλον κεχαραγμένον ὄζοις·
οἳ δ' εἰς ἀμβρόσιον θάλαμον λευκοσφύρου Ἥβας
ὅπλα καὶ αὐτὸν ἄγουσι γενειήταν Διὸς υἱόν.
οἷα δ' ἐν πινυταῖσι περικλειτὰ Βερενίκα
ἔπρεπε θηλυτέραις, ὄφελος μέγα γεινομένοισι.[3]
τᾷ μὲν Κύπρον ἔχοισα Διώνας πότνια κούρα
κόλπον ἐς εὐώδη ῥαδινὰς ἐσεμάξατο χεῖρας·
τῷ οὔπω τινα φαντὶ ἀδεῖν τόσον ἀνδρὶ γυναικῶν,
ὅσσον περ Πτολεμαῖος ἑὰν ἐφίλησεν ἄκοιτιν.
ἦ μὰν ἀντεφιλεῖτο πολὺ πλέον· ὧδέ κε παισὶ
θαρσήσας σφετέροισιν ἐπιτρέποι οἶκον ἅπαντα,
ὁππότε κεν φιλέων βαίνῃ λέχος ἐς φιλεοίσας,
ἀστόργου δὲ γυναικὸς ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίῳ νόος αἰεί,
ῥαΐδιοι δὲ γοναί, τέκνα δ' οὐ ποτεοικότα πατρί.

[1] ἕδνα κενταυροφόνοιο G. Kiessling: mss ἕδρακε ταυροφ.
[2] ἑοὶ Heinsius: mss θεοί
[3] γεινομένοισι E, generalising plural: mss γειναμέναισι

XVIII.—THE EPITHALAMY OF HELEN

THIS *is a short Epic piece of the same type as XIII. Both begin, as do XXV and Bion II, with a phrase suggesting that they are consequent upon something previous; but this, like the* ergo *or* igitur *of Propertius and Ovid, is no more than a recognised way of beginning a short poem. The introduction, unlike that of XIII, contains no dedication. The scholia tell us Theocritus here imitates certain passages of Stesichorus' first Epithalamy of Helen. He seems also to have had Sappho's book of Wedding-Songs before him.*

THEOCRITUS XVIII, 51–58

And Cypris, holy Cypris, an equal love alwáy,
And Zeus, high Zeus, prosperitye
That drawn of parents of high degree
Shall pass to a noble progenye
For ever and a day.
Sleep on and rest, and on either breast may the love-breath playing go;
Sleep now, but when the day shall break
Forget not from your sleep to wake;
For we shall come wi' the dawn along
Soon as the first-waked master o' song
Lift feathery neck to crow.

Sing Hey for the Wedding, sing Ho for the Wedder, and thanks to him that made it!

XIX.—THE HONEY-STEALER

THIS *little poem probably belongs to a later date than the Bucolic writers, and was brought into the collection merely owing to its resemblance to the* Runaway Love *of Moschus.*

XIX.—THE HONEY-STEALER

When the thievish Love one day was stealing honeycomb from the hive, a wicked bee stung him, and made all his finger-tips to smart. In pain and grief he blew on his hand and stamped and leapt upon the ground, and went and showed his hurt to Aphrodite, and made complaint that so a little a beast as a bee could make so great a wound. Whereat his mother laughing, 'What?' cries she, 'art not a match for a bee, and thou so little and yet able to make wounds so great?'

XX.—THE YOUNG COUNTRYMAN

A NEATHERD, *chafing because a city wench disdains him, protests that he is a handsome fellow, and that Gods have been known to make love to country-folk, and calls down upon her the curse of perpetual celibacy. This spirited poem is a monologue, but preserves the mime-form by means of dumb characters, the shepherds of line* 19. *Stylistic considerations belie the tradition which ascribes it to Theocritus.*

wandering bird for the sake of a lad o' the kine? Nay, 'twas left to mistress Eunica to deny a neatherd her love, this piece that is a greater than Cybelè and Cypris and the Lady Moon! Wherefore I beseech thee, sweet Cypris, the same may never more whether in upland or in lowland come at the love of her leman, but may lie lone and sleep sole for the rest of her days.

XXI.—THE FISHERMEN

THE *poet begins with a dedication in the manner of XI, and passes quickly to his story. Two fishermen lie awake at night in their cabin on the shore, and one of them tells a dream he has just had of the catching of a golden fish. He asks his friend what the dream may mean, for he fears he may have to break his dream-oath that he would be a fisherman no longer. To this the friend replies that it was no oath he took, and that the moral of the dream is that his only wealth is of the sea. Many considerations go to show that the traditional ascription of the poem to Theocritus is mistaken.*

with that I awoke. And now, good friend, it remains for you to lend me your understanding; for troth, that oath I sware—

FRIEND

Be of good cheer; never you fear that. 'Twas no swearing when you sware that oath any more than 'twas seeing when you saw the golden fish. Howbeit there's wisdom to be had of empty shows; for if you will make real and waking search in these places there's hope of your sleep and your dreams. Go seek the fish of flesh and blood, or you'll die of hunger and golden visions.

"There's hope of your dreams": 'hope of your getting some advantage from them.'

XXII.—THE DIOSCURI

THIS *hymn to Castor and Polydeuces consists, first, of a prelude common to both, and secondly, of two main parts concerned one with Polydeuces and the other with Castor. The first of these, in a combination of the Epic style with the dialogue, tells how Polydeuces fought fisticuffs with Amycus on his way to Colchis, and the second how, when the brothers carried off the daughters of Leucippus, Castor fought Lynceus with spear and sword.*

πάντοθεν· ἀλλ' ὅτε δή μιν ἀμηχανέοντ' ἐνόησε,
μέσσης ῥινὸς ὕπερθε κατ' ὀφρύος ἤλασε πυγμῇ,[1]
πᾶν δ' ἀπέσυρε μέτωπον ἐς ὀστέον. αὐτὰρ ὁ πληγεὶς
ὕπτιος ἐν φύλλοισι τεθηλόσιν ἐξετανύσθη.
ἔνθα μάχη δριμεῖα πάλιν γένετ' ὀρθωθέντος·
ἀλλήλους δ' ὄλεκον στερεοῖς θείνοντες ἱμᾶσιν.
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐς στῆθός τε καὶ ἔξω χεῖρας ἐνώμα
αὐχένος ἀρχηγὸς Βεβρύκων· ὁ δ' ἀεικέσι πληγαῖς 110
πᾶν συνέφυρε πρόσωπον[2] ἀνίκητος Πολυδεύκης.
σάρκες τῷ[3] μὲν ἱδρῶτι συνίζανον, ἐκ μεγάλου δὲ
αἶψ' ὀλίγος γένετ' ἀνδρός· ὁ δ' αἰεὶ πάσσονα γυῖα
αὐξομένου[4] φορέεσκε πόνου καὶ χροιῇ ἀμείνω.
πῶς γὰρ δὴ Διὸς υἱὸς ἀδηφάγον ἄνδρα καθεῖλεν;
εἰπὲ θεά, σὺ γὰρ οἶσθα· ἐγὼ δ' ἑτέρων ὑποφήτης
φθέγξομαι ὅσσ'[5] ἐθέλεις σύ, καὶ ὅππως τοι φίλον αὐτῇ.
ἤτοι ὅγε ῥέξαι τι λιλαιόμενος μέγα ἔργον
σκαιῇ μὲν σκαιὴν Πολυδεύκεος ἔλλαβε χεῖρα,
δοχμὸς ἀπὸ προβολῆς κλινθείς, ἑτέρῃ δ' ἐπιβαίνων 120
δεξιτερῆς ἤνεγκεν ἀπὸ λαγόνος πλατὺ γυῖον.
καί κε τυχὼν ἔβλαψεν Ἀμυκλαίων βασιλῆα·
ἀλλ' ὅγ' ὑπεξανέδυ κεφαλῇ,[6] στιβαρῇ δ' ἅμα χειρὶ
πλῆξεν ὑπὸ σκαιὸν κρόταφον καὶ ἐπέμπεσεν ὤμῳ·
ἐκ δ' ἐχύθη μέλαν αἷμα θοῶς κροτάφοιο χανόντος·
λαιῇ δὲ στόμα κόψε, πυκνοὶ δ' ἀράβησαν ὀδόντες·

[1] mss also πυγμὴν [2] mss also μέτωπον [3] τῷ Meineke: mss δ' αἱ or δ' οἱ [4] αὐξομένου Mein: mss ἅπτ. ἀμείνω Toup: mss -ων [5] ὅσσ': mss also ὡς [6] mss also κεφαλὴν

XXIII.—THE LOVER

THIS *poem, known to the Latin poets, cannot be ascribed to Theocritus. It was apparently sent by a lover to his neglectful beloved. The author tells how in a like case unrequited friendship led to the suicide of the one, and to the death of the other at the hands of an effigy of Love. The actual death of a boy through the accidental falling of a statue probably gave rise to a folk-tale which is here put into literary shape.*

there stood an image of him upon the margin looking towards the water. And lo! even the graven image leapt down upon him and slew that wicked lad; and the water went all red, and on the water floated the voice of a child saying "Rejoice ye that love, for he that did hate is slain; and love ye that hate, for the God knoweth how to judge."

the finest bull in the whole herd. In the third part, which has no traditional title, Heracles, accompanied by the king's son, is on his way to the town, and their conversation leads to Heracles' telling how he slew the Nemean lion. There is no ancient authority for ascribing the poem to Theocritus.

ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἀμφὶ πόδεσσιν ἐϋτμήτοισιν ἱμᾶσι
καλοπέδιλ' ἀράρισκε παρασταδόν ἐγγὺς ἀμέλγειν,
ἄλλος δ' αὖ νέα τέκνα φίλας ὑπὸ μητέρας[1] ἴει
πινέμεναι λαροῖο μεμαότα πάγχυ γάλακτος,
ἄλλος ἀμόλγιον εἶχ', ἄλλος τρέφε πίονα τυρόν,
ἄλλος ἐσῆγεν ἔσω ταύρους δίχα θηλειάων.
Αὐγείης δ' ἐπὶ πάντας ἰὼν θηεῖτο βοαύλους,
ἥντινά οἱ κτεάνων κομιδὴν ἐτίθεντο νομῆες,
σὺν δ' υἱός τε βίη τε βαρύφρονος Ἡρακλῆος 110
ὡμάρτευν βασιλῆι διερχομένῳ μέγαν ὄλβον.
ἔνθα καὶ ἄρρηκτόν περ ἔχων ἐν στήθεσι θυμὸν
Ἀμφιτρυωνιάδης καὶ ἀρηρότα νωλεμὲς αἰεὶ
ἐκπάγλως θαύμαζε θεοῦ[2] τόγε μυρίον ἔδνον
εἰσορόων. οὐ γάρ κεν ἔφασκέ τις οὐδὲ ἐώλπει
ἀνδρὸς ληίδ' ἑνὸς τόσσην ἔμεν οὐδὲ δέκ' ἄλλων,
οἵτε πολύρρηνες πάντων ἔσαν ἐκ βασιλήων.
Ἠέλιος δ' ᾧ παιδὶ τόγ' ἔξοχον ὤπασε δῶρον,
ἀφνειὸν μήλοις περὶ πάντων ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν,
καί ῥά οἱ αὐτὸς ὄφελλε διαμπερέως βοτὰ πάντα 120
ἐς τέλος· οὐ μὲν γάρ τις ἐπήλυθε νοῦσος ἐκείνου
βουκολίοις, αἵτ' ἔργα καταφθείρουσι[3] νομήων,
αἰεὶ δὲ πλέονες κερααὶ βόες, αἰὲν ἀμείνους
ἐξ ἔτεος γίνοντο μάλ' εἰς ἔτος· ἦ γὰρ ἅπασαι
ζωοτόκοι τ' ἦσαν περιώσια θηλυτόκοι τε.
ταῖς δὲ τριηκόσιοι ταῦροι συνάμ' ἐστιχόωντο
κνήμαργοί θ' ἕλικές τε, διηκόσιοι γέ μεν ἄλλοι

[1] thus Mus: mss φίλαις ὑπὸ μητράσιν [2] θεοῦ Wil: mss θεῶν [3] καταφθείρουσι Mus: mss -φθίνουσι

neck. Then from the rear, lest he should tear me with his talons, I got my arms about his throat, and treading his hind-paws hard into the ground for to keep the legs of them from my sides, held on with might and main till at length I could rear him backward by the foreleg, and so stretched him strangled on the ground, and vasty Hades received his spirit.

That done, I fell a-pondering how I might flay me off the dead beast's shag-neckèd skin. 'What a task!' thought I; for there was no cutting that, neither with wood nor with stone nor yet with iron. At that moment one of the Immortals did mind me I should cut up the lion's skin with the lion's talons. So I to it, and had him flayed in a trice, and cast the skin about me for a defence against the havoc of gashing war.

Such, good friend, was the slaying of the Lion of Nemea, that had brought so much and sore trouble both upon man and beast."

XXVII. – [THE LOVERS' TALK]

(*The Shepherd tells of the conversation between Daphnis and Acrotimè*)

. . . . . .

ACROTIME

'Twas a neatherd like you carried off the wise Helen.

DAPHNIS

Helen is more willing now, for she kisses her neatherd.

ACROTIME

Soft, my satyr-boy, be not so sure; there's a saying "nought goes to a kiss."

DAPHNIS

Even in an empty kiss there's a sweet delight.

ACROTIME

Look ye, I wipe my mouth o' your kiss and spit it from me.

DAPHNIS

Wipe thy lips, quotha? then give them hither again and have thee another.

ACROTIME

'Twere rather becoming you to kiss your heifers than a maiden woman like me.

DAPHNIS

But thou hast Artemis to thy queen, and she lightens the labour.

ACROTIME

Ah! but I fear lest the childbirth lose me my pretty face.

DAPHNIS

But if thou bear sweet children, thou'lt see a new light in thy sons.

ACROTIME

And if I say thee yea, what gift bring'st thou with thee worthy the marriage?

DAPHNIS

Thou shalt have all my herd and all the planting and pasture I possess.

ACROTIME

Swear thou'lt never thereafter leave me all forlorn.

DAPHNIS

Before great Pan I swear it, even if thou choose to send me packing.

ACROTIME

Buildest me a bower and a house and a farmstead?

DAPHNIS

Yea, I build thee a house, and the flocks I feed are fine flocks.

ACROTIME

But then my gray-headed father, O what can I say to him?

DAPHNIS

He'll think well o' thy wedlock when he hears my name.

ACROTIME

O Artemis, be not wroth with a transgressor of thy word.

DAPHNIS

Love shall have a heifer of me, and great Aphrodite a cow.

ACROTIME

Lo, I came hither a maid and I go home a woman.

DAPHNIS

Aye, a mother and a nursing-mother, maiden no more.

Thus they prattled in the joy of their fresh young limbs. The secret bridal over, she rose and went her ways for to feed her sheep, her look shamefast but her heart glad within her; while as for him, he betook himself to his herds of bulls rejoicing in his wedlock.

THE UMPIRE

Here, take the pipe, thou happy shepherd; 'tis thine once more; and so let's hear and consider another of the tunes of the leaders o' sheep.

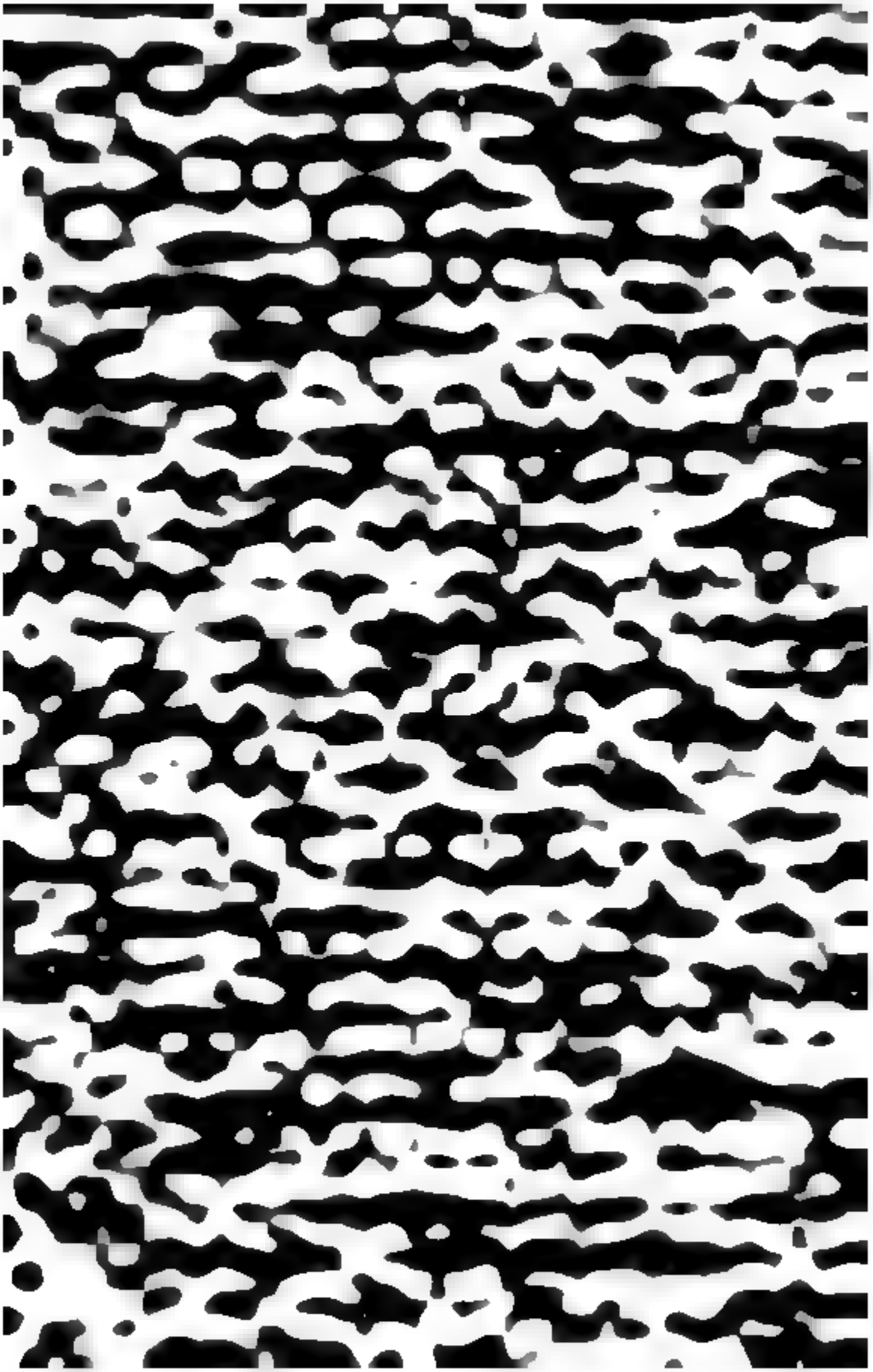
XXVIII.—THE DISTAFF

THE DISTAFF *is an occasional poem in the Aeolic dialect and the Asclepiad metre, and was almost certainly modelled upon Sappho or Alcaeus. It was written by Theocritus before or during a voyage from Syracuse to Miletus, and presented with the gift of a carved ivory distaff to the wife of his friend the poet-physician Nicias.*

hail from the town old Archias founded out of Ephyra, the sap and savour of the Isle o' Three Capes, the birthplace of good men and true.

But now you are to lodge at a wiseacre's deep-learned in the lore of such spells as defend us of the flesh from woeful ills; now you are to dwell among an Ionian people in Miletus the delectable, to the end that Theugenis' neighbours may be jealous of her and her distaff, and so you may serve always to mind her of her friend the lover of song. For at the sight of you it shall be said, "Great love goes here with a little gift, and all is precious that comes of a friend."

Ephyra is an old name for Corinth, the mother city of Syracuse.



XXIX–XXX.—THE AEOLIC LOVE-POEMS

THESE *two poems are inspired, like XII, by a passionate friendship. The first line of No.* 1 *contains a quotation from Alcaeus, and in both poems metre and dialect point to him or Sappho as the model. The metre in the one case is the fourteen-syllable Sapphic Pentameter, and in the other the Greater Asclepiad. As in XII, there is much here that is reminiscent to us of some of the Elizabethan love-poetry.*

THE INSCRIPTIONS

THESE *little poems are all, with the exception of IV, actual inscriptions, and would seem to have been collected from the works of art upon which they were inscribed. XII and XXIII are in all probability by other hands, and there is some doubt of the genuineness of XXIV; but the rest are not only ascribed to Theocritus in the best manuscripts, but are fully worthy of him.*

II

THE POEMS AND FRAGMENTS OF BION

over they sing a spell upon him to bring him back again, but he payeth no heed to it; yet 'tis not from lack of the will, but rather that the Maiden will not let him go.

Give over thy wailing for to-day, Cytherea, and beat not now thy breast any more; thou needs wilt wail again and weep again, come another year.

II.—ACHILLES AMONG THE MAIDENS

THIS *fragmentary shepherd-mime is probably to be ascribed to an imitator of Bion. At Myrson's request, Lycidas sings him the tale of Achilles at Scyros.*

III–XVIII

THE *remaining poems and fragments are preserved in quotations made by Stobaeus, with the exception of the last, which is quoted by the grammarian Orion* (Anth. 5, 4).

τὸν μὲν ἐς εὐφροσύναν καὶ χάρματα, τὸν δ' ἐπὶ[1]
μόχθῳ,
ἦν τάχα μοχθήσαντί ποθ' ὕστερον ἐσθλὰ δέχεσθαι.
εἰ δὲ θεοὶ κατένευσαν ἕνα χρόνον ἐς βίον ἐλθεῖν
ἀνθρώποις, καὶ τόνδε βραχὺν καὶ μείονα πάντων, 10
ἐς πόσον ἃ δειλοὶ καμάτως κεῖς ἔργα πονεῦμες,
ψυχὰν δ' ἄχρι τίνος ποτὶ κέρδεα καὶ ποτὶ τέχνας
βάλλομες, ἱμείροντες ἀεὶ πολὺ πλείονος ὄλβω;
λαθόμεθ' ἦ ἄρα[2] πάντες, ὅτι θνατοὶ γενόμεσθα,
χὠς βραχὺν ἐκ Μοίρας λάχομες χρόνον; . . .

VIII

Ὄλβιοι οἱ φιλέοντες, ἐπὴν ἴσον ἀντεράωνται.
ὄλβιος ἦν Θησεὺς τῷ Πειριθόῳ παρεόντος,
εἰ καὶ ἀμειλίκτοιο κατήλυθεν εἰς Ἀΐδαο.
ὄλβιος ἦν χαλεποῖσιν ἐν Ἀξείνοισιν Ὀρέστας,
ὥνεκά οἱ ξυνὰς Πυλάδας ᾄρητο[3] κελεύθως.
ἦν μάκαρ Αἰακίδας ἑτάρῳ ζώοντος Ἀχιλλεύς·
ὄλβιος ἦν θνᾴσκων, ὅτι οἱ μόρον αἰνὸν ἄμυνεν.

IX

Ἕσπερε, τᾶς ἐρατᾶς χρύσεον φάος Ἀφρογενείας,
Ἕσπερε κυανέας ἱερὸν φίλε νυκτὸς ἄγαλμα,
τόσσον ἀφαυρότερος μήνας, ὅσον ἔξοχος ἄστρων,
χαῖρε φίλος, καί μοι ποτὶ ποιμένα κῶμον ἄγοντι
ἀντὶ σελαναίας τὺ δίδου φάος, ὥνεκα τήνα

[1] ἐπὶ Wil: mss ἐνὶ [2] cf. Mosch. 2. 140 [3] ᾄρητο Grotius: mss ἄροιτο or ἄρκτο

the other for toil, then perhaps might one do the toiling first and get the good things afterward. But seeing Heaven's decree is, man shall live but once, and that for too brief a while to do all he would, then O how long shall we go thus miserably toiling and moiling, and how long shall we lavish our life upon getting and making, in the consuming desire for more wealth and yet more? Is it that we all forget that we are mortal and Fate hath allotted us so brief a span? . . . .

VIII.—[REQUITED LOVE]

Happy are lovers when their love is requited. Theseus, for all he found Hades at the last implacable, was happy because Perithoüs went with him; and happy Orestes among the cruel Inhospitables, because Pylades had chosen to share his wanderings; happy also lived Achilles Aeacid while his dear comrade was alive, and died happy, seeing he so avenged his dreadful fate.

IX.—[TO HESPERUS]

Evening Star, which art the golden light of the lovely Child o' the Foam, dear Evening Star, which art the holy jewel of the blue blue Night, even so much dimmer than the Moon as brighter than any other star that shines, hail, gentle friend, and while I go a-serenading my shepherd love shew me a light instead of the Moon, for that she being new but

"his dear comrade": Patroclus. "Inhospitables": the barbarous inhabitants of the shores of the Black Sea. "Child o' the Foam": Aphrodite.

XIII.—[DO IT YOURSELF]

. . . It is not well, friend, to go to a craftsman upon all matters, nor to resort unto another man in every business, but rather to make you a pipe yourself; and 'faith, 'tis not so hard, neither . . .

XIV.—[LOVE AND SONG]

May Love call the Muses, and the Muses bring Love; and may the Muses ever give me song at my desire, dear melodious song, the sweetest physic in the world.

XV.—[PERSISTENCE]

. . . 'Tis said a continual dripping will e'en wear a hollow in a stone . . .

XVI.—[WORTHY OF HIS HIRE]

. . . I pray you leave me not without some reward; for even Phoebus is paid for his music, and a meed maketh things better . . .

XVII.—[AFTER THEIR KIND]

. . . The woman's glory is her beauty, the man's his strength . . .

XVIII.—[GOD WILLING]

. . . All things may be achieved if Heav'n will; all is possible, nay, all is very easy if the Blessed make it so . . .

III

THE POEMS OF MOSCHUS

I.—THE RUNAWAY LOVE

CYPRIS *has lost her boy Love, and cries him in the streets.*

but a small arrow but carries even to the sky. And at his back is a little golden quiver, but in it lie the keen shafts with which he ofttimes woundeth e'en me. And cruel though all this equipage be, he hath something crueller far, his torch; 'tis a little light, but can set the very Sun afire.

Let any that shall take him bind and bring him and never pity. If he see him weeping, let him have a care lest he be deceived; if laughing, let him still hale him along; but if making to kiss him, let him flee him, for his kiss is an ill kiss and his lips poison; and if he say 'Here, take these things, you are welcome to all my armour,' then let him not touch those mischievous gifts, for they are all dipped in fire."

II.—EUROPA

MOSCHUS *tells in Epic verse how the virgin Europa, after dreaming of a struggle between the two continents for the possession of her, was carried off from among her companions by Zeus in the form of a bull, and borne across the sea from Tyre to Crete, there to become his bride. The earlier half of the poem contains a description of Europa's flower-basket. It bears three pictures in inlaid metal—Io crossing the sea to Egypt in the shape of a heifer, Zeus restoring her there by a touch to human form, and the birth of the peacock from the blood of Argus slain.*

thee hath brought me to make so far a sea-course in a bull's likeness; and ere 'tis long thou shalt be in Crete, that was my nurse when I was with her; and there shall thy wedding be, whereof shall spring famous children who shall all be kings among them that are in the earth."

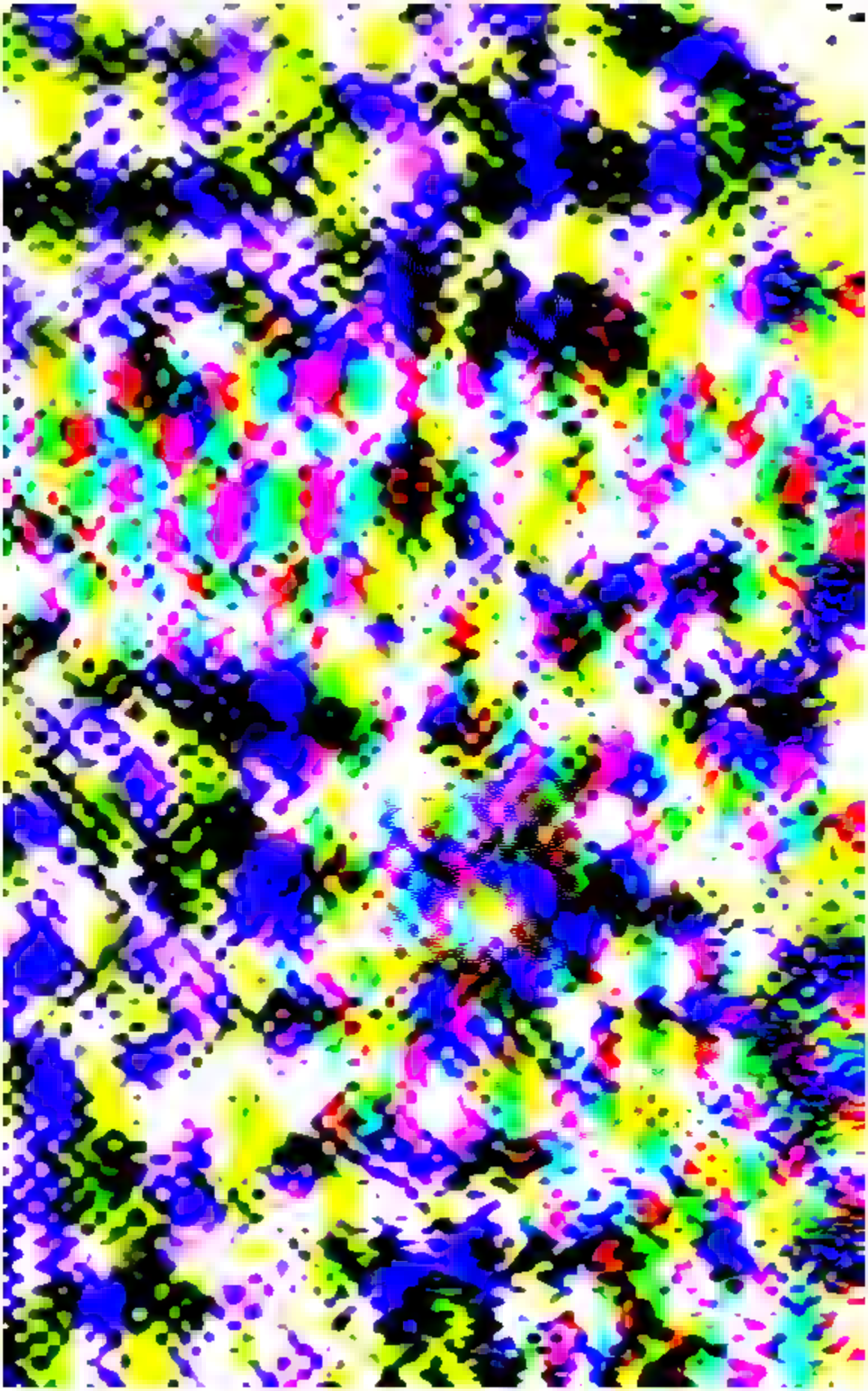
So spake he, and lo! what he spake was done; for appear it did, the Cretan country, and Zeus took on once more his own proper shape, and upon a bed made him of the Seasons unloosed her maiden girdle. And so it was that she that before was a virgin became straightway the bride of Zeus, and thereafter straightway too a mother of children unto the Son of Cronus.

for thy decease. Could I but have gone down into Tartarus as Orpheus went and Odysseus of yore and Alcides long ago, then would I also have come mayhap to the house of Pluteus, that I might see thee, and if so be thou singest to Pluteus, hear what that thou singest may be. But all the same, I pray thee, chant some song of Sicily, some sweet melodious country-song, unto the Maid; for she too is of Sicily, she too once sported on Etna's shores; she knows the Dorian music; so thy melodies shall not go without reward. Even as once she granted Orpheus his Eurydicè's return because he harped so sweetly, so likewise she shall give my Bion back unto the hills; and had but this my pipe the power of that his harp, I had played for this in the house of Pluteus myself.

"the Maid": Persephonè, who was carried off by Pluto—here called Pluteus—when she was playing in the fields of Sicily.

IV–VII

Of *the remaining poems the first three are quoted by Stobaeus. The last is found in the Anthology* (Anth. Plan., 4. 200), *and was wrongly ascribed to Moschus owing to its mention of Europa's bull.*



MEGARA

MEGARA

THE *poem gives a picture of Heracles' wife and mother at home in his house at Tiryns while he is abroad about his Labours. The two women sit weeping. The wife bewails his mad murder of their children, and gently hints that the mother might give her more sympathy in her sorrow if she would not be for ever lamenting her own. To which the kind old Alcmena replies, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"; but though her own anxiety for the safety of the labouring Heracles, increased now by an evil dream, is food enough, God knows, for lamentation, she feels, as indeed Megara must know full well, for her sorrowing daughter too. The poem bears a resemblance to* [*Theocritus*] *XXV, and is thought by some to belong to the same author.*

THE DEAD ADONIS

THE DEAD ADONIS

THIS *piece of Anacreontean verse is shown both by style and metre to be of late date, and was probably incorporated in the Bucolic Collection only because of its connexion in subject with the* Lament for Adonis.

Cytherean," answered he, "by thyself and by thy husband, and by these my bonds and these thy huntsmen, never would I have smitten thy pretty husband but that I saw him there beautiful as a statue, and could not withstand the burning mad desire to give his naked thigh a kiss. And now I pray thee make good havoc of me; pray take and cut off these tusks, pray take and punish them—for why should I possess teeth so passionate? And if they suffice thee not, then take my chaps also—for why durst they kiss?" Then had Cypris compassion and bade the Loves loose his bonds; and he went not to the woods, but from that day forth followed her, and more, went to the fire and burnt those his tusks away.

THE PATTERN-POEMS

SIMIAS

I.—THE AXE

THIS *poem was probably written to be inscribed upon a votive copy of the ancient axe with which tradition said Epeius made the Wooden Horse and which was preserved in a temple of Athena. The lines are to be read according to the numbering. The metre is choriambic, and each pair of equal lines contains one foot less than the preceding. The unusual arrangement of lines is probably mystic. Simias of Rhodes flourished about* B.C. 300.

THE PATTERN-POEMS

SIMIAS

I.—THE AXE

EPEIUS of Phocis has given unto the man-goddess Athena, in requital of her doughty counsel, the axe with which he once overthrew the upstanding height of God-builded walls, in the day when with a fire-breath'd Doom he made ashes of the holy city of the Dardanids and thrust gold-broidered lords from their high seats, for all he was not numbered of the vanguard of the Achaeans, but drew off an obscure runnel from a clear shining fount. Aye, for all that, he is gone up now upon the road Homer made, thanks be unto thee, Pallas the pure, Pallas the wise. Thrice fortunate he on whom thou hast looked with very favour. This way happiness doth ever blow.

II.—THE WINGS

THIS *poem seems to have been inscribed on the wings of a statue—perhaps a votive statue—representing Love as a bearded child. The metre is the same as that of the* Axe *with the difference that the lines are to be read in the usual order. The poem also differs from the* Axe *in making no reference, except by its shape, to the* wings *of Love. Moreover it contains no hint of dedication.*

II.—THE WINGS

BEHOLD the ruler of the deep-bosomed Earth, the turner upside-down of the Son of Acmon, and have no fear that so little a person should have so plentiful a crop of beard to his chin. For I was born when Necessity bare rule, and all creatures, moved they in Air or in Chaos, were kept through her dismal government far apart. Swift-flying son of Cypris and war-lord Ares—I am not that at all; for by no force came I into rule, but by gentle-willed persuasion, and yet all alike, Earth, deep Sea, and brazen Heaven, bowed to my behest, and I took to myself their olden sceptre and made me a judge among Gods.

"Son of Acmon": Heaven. "Chaos": *see index.*

– ⏑ – ⏑ | – ⏑ – ⏑ | – ⏑ – > | – – | – – | – – |
⏑ ⏑ – | ⏑ ⏑ – | ⏑ – ⏑ –

19, 20 – – | ⏑⏑ – | ⏑ ⏑ – | ⏑ ⏑ – | ⏑ ⏑ – | ⏑ ⏑ – |
⏑ ⏑ ⏑ – | ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ – | – ⏑ ⏑ | – –

Notes to P. 496.

[1] thus Bergk-Wil: mss (with incorporated glosses) *τῇ τόδ' ὠὸν νέον ἁγνᾶς ἀηδόνος· πανδιωνίδας δωρίας· νασιώτας ἄτριον· ῥόδου* (or *τί τόδ' ὠὸν νέον ἀηδόνος Δωρίας ἀγρίου*) [2] *δὴ γὰρ ἁγνᾶς* Salmasius: mss *δεῖ γὰρ ἁγνᾶ, δὴ ἁγνὰ* [3] *ἔκιξε*: mss also *ἤκιζε* [4] mss also *ὄνῳ δ' μέζω* E: mss *μέγαν ἀέξειν*: mss also *ὤυξε* [5] *ὠκυλέχριον* E: mss *ὠκὺ λέχ. φέρων πῖασκεν*, cf. Pind. *P.* 4. 150: mss also *πίφαυσκεν* [6] *θοοῖσι* E: mss *θοαῖσι* [7] *τηλεκρ.* E: mss *παλαικραιπνοῖς* [8] *θαλαμᾶν* Haeberlin: mss *-ων πυκωτάτῳ*: mss *πουκότατον, πουκότητα* [9] *κᾷτ'* Wil: mss *καὶ τάδ' λάσιον* Salm: mss *-ων ἔσσυται ἄγκος* Salm: mss *ἔσσυτ' ἀνάγκαις* [10] *κλυτὸς* Bgk: mss *-αῖς ἴσα θοοῖσι πόνον δονέων ποσὶ* Jacobs-E: mss *ἴσα θεοῖς ποσὶ δονέων* or *θο π. πονέων·* [11] *πετρόκ.* Salm: mss *πτερόκ.* or *περίκ.* [12] *βλαχᾷ* E: mss *βλαχαὶ, λαχαὶ ὀρέον* = *ὀρεῖον* E: mss *ὀρέων τ' ἀν' ἄντρα* E: mss *τ' ἄντρα* or *ἄντρα* [13] *θενὼν τόνον* E: mss *θένον τὸν, θενὼ τὰν* [14] mss also *ἄκρον* thus Bgk: mss *κόσμιος νέμοντο ῥυθμῷ, κόσμον νέμοντα ῥυθμὸν* [15] *πτεροῖσι* Scaliger: mss *πέτροις, πέτροισι* [16] *κάμ' ἀμφὶ* E: mss *καμφι ὠδίς*: mss also *ὠδὶς ἁγνᾶς*

public a poem was primarily something heard, not something seen, and the variation in the heard length of the lines would correspond naturally enough to the variation in note of the tubes of the pipe. Moreover, every musical person must have known that, effectively, the tubes were unequal. The doubling of the lines is to be explained as a mere evolutionary survival. The application of puzzles or riddles to this form of composition was new, but in giving himself the patronymic Simichidas the author is probably acknowledging his debt to his predecessor, Simichus being a pet-name form of Simias, as Amyntichus for Amyntas in VII. If so, the Pipe *is anterior to the* Harvest Home, *and we have here the origin of the poet's nickname.*

DOSIADAS

THE FIRST ALTAR

THIS *puzzle is written in the Iambic metre and composed of two pairs of complete lines, five pairs of half-lines, and two pairs of three-quarter lines, arranged in the form of an altar. Of the writer nothing is known; he was obviously acquainted with the* Pipe *and also with Lycophron's* Alexandra. *The poem is mentioned by Lucian* (Lexiph. 25), *but metrical considerations point to its being of considerably later date than the* Pipe. *Moreover, the idea of making an altar of verses presupposes a change in the conception of what a poem is. It was now a thing of ink and paper; and Dosiadas seems to have interpreted the* Pipe *in the light of the pipes of his own time, as representing the outward appearance of an actual pipe.*

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INDEX

Note.—The references to Theocritus are by numbers only. *Etc.* means that there are other but unimportant occurrences of the word in the same poem.